Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

A STREET-CAR IDYL.

Perhaps you think I'll rant and rave like the rest
At the wealthy folk, because they are gay and fine.
D'ye s'pose I don't know that when we put on our best
And they their worst, they're just as sure to outshine!

Or rather one is—you're laughing now; but it's true,
It does one good such pretty young things to meet;
Put a thousand colors before me, I'd choose the blue,
Because her eyes are so blue and so bright and sweet.

And there's something about her walk that thrills me, too,
As if her footsteps, like flower-throbs, touched my heart,
And her smile is like sunshine on clover buds white with dew,
My shop-mates tell me that everything there is art,

And that I have always had notions odd and queer.
They dub me "poet," because I make rhymes now and then,
O heaven! if only I were, I'd not be toiling here,
But telling the world of her beauty with gladsome pen.

They say she is idle. Well, so is the rose; and yet
It fills with fragrance and color the earth and air.
They say she hates poverty, makes a white poodle her pet,
And that she's as false and cruel as angel-fair.

It may be, but once in a crowded car I stood,
Sore, tired and sad, for I had been ailing long.
She sat just before me, looking so gentle and good,
And she said, "You must let me stand; I am young and strong."

Yes, true she did, all dressed in a shining silk,
With feathers like curled mist round a snowy dove,
With laces like frost-work and forehead as white as milk,
Bright from the hem of her robe to her pretty, dainty glove.

And with one little hand she softly pushed me—so;
And I sat down like a sluggard in his sleep.
I'm sure I tried to smile and tried to say, "No,"
But neither would come, though her voice made my pulses leap.

I'll never forget the touch of that tiny hand—
I can feel it now when I sit by myself and think;
And it makes me dream sometimes of that other land,
Where we of the rougher sort may rise from the brink

Of all these needs and dreads and terrible sins,
To something that our lives lose as we live to-day,
To that fine, delicate sense of grace that clings
Round them that seem made of a fairer, rarer clay.

So I'll never rant and rave and go on like the rest,
At the richer sort, because they are gay and fine.
We show at our worst; they don't always shew at their best;
But I've seen one angel among them that makes all the others shine.

—*Mary A. Denison, in Christian Union.*

DUST TO DUST.

"I do wish William were come; surely he ought to be here before this. What is the time, Aunt Betsy?"

"Never mind the time, dear; your husband will be here soon; you may depend upon it, he will not stay away a minute longer than he can help. But they are always busy when putting on a new mine; you can never tell what may turn up to keep the men over time."

"Yes; I know that. But he ought to have been home at six o'clock, and I am sure it is a lot past that. I do wish he were come; and I am so weak;" and as she spoke thus, Mrs. Pollarrack could not restrain the tears which soon filled her eyes.

"Now, don't give way so, there's a dear," said Aunt Betsy. "Think of your child. What a mercy it is that the little thing is sound and strong, and that you have got through your trouble so nicely. How proud William will be when he comes home, to find himself the father of a fine boy!"

A glow of motherly pride lighted up the young mother's face as she thought of the pleasure her husband would feel on taking his first-born in his arms, and she looked down on the babe that lay safe by her side.

William and Mary Pollarack were a young married couple; he, a strong, active miner of twenty-four, skillful about pit-work; she, a farmer's daughter, barely twenty, as pretty a girl as could be seen in the west of Cornwall. Hers was not a delicate beauty, but that strong, healthy sweetness peculiar to a simple country girl. Though they had been engaged for three or four years, they did not cease to be lovers after marriage; their wedded life, which was now of some twelve months' duration, had been a continuation of their courtship. Theirs was a true union—a union of kindred spirits. The arrival of their first baby had been looked forward to with some anxiety by William; but in the morning of the day in which the event took place he had gone to his work at a tin mine called Wheal Splendour, satisfied that his wife would be taken care of by his father's sister, Aunt Betsy, who came to them the night before to stay a few days.

Wheal Splendour had recently been restarted, or rather a company had been formed to rework it. It was an old mine, near C——, that had lain idle for thirty years. The engine shaft was down eighty fathoms below the adit, which was forty fathoms from surface. A band of men, of whom William Pollarrack was one, were engaged clearing and securing this shaft; and at this time they were about half-way down to the adit.

But to return to the young mother. Aunt Betsy's advice was acted upon with good effect. Mary *did* think of her child; wondered all sorts of things about it; whom it would be like; whether it would be dark or fair; what they should call it after all; for William had always said if they had a son, he should like it to be called John, after his father; while Mary herself thought there was no name like William for a boy; and then she remembered one occasion, when the subject was up between them, how her husband had laughingly said: "All Williams are not alike; you must not think, if we had a son called William, he would grow up as fine a man as his father;" and how she had answered: "I don't know that; I suppose there are men as fine as you in the world—ah! and a deal finer too, for that part of it, indeed." They had had other quiet jokes and word-play; and Mary went through many of them over again as she lay still in bed, and thus a good half-hour went by without a sound escaping her.

It was a beautiful evening, early in August; the sun had set, but the crimson clouds in the west reflected his glory through the window of the room. The old-fashioned clock down-stairs struck eight in measured tones. The sound roused Mary from her reverie; she turned and looked at Aunt Betsy, and was just going to speak, when they heard some one outside the front door.

"There; he has come at last!" Aunt Betsy exclaimed.

"No: it's some one knocking at the door. I trust nothing is the matter. Run down and see who it is," said Mary.

Aunt Betsy did as she was bid, prudently shutting the bedroom door after her. On opening the front-door, she saw, to her surprise, not one, but four men waiting admittance, the foremost of whom, a respectably-dressed man, inquired if Mrs. Pollarrack was at home.

"Yes, sir; but she can not see you just now. Will you come inside and sit down a minute? The fact is, sir, Mrs. Pollarack has got a baby; and a fine boy it is," said Aunt Betsy, as she dusted a chair with her apron.

"Heaven help her, poor thing!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Good gracious, whatever is the matter?" asked Aunt Betsy.

But for a few moments no one answered her; and she felt a giddy sensation creep over her as the other three men glanced significantly at one another.

At length the one who first addressed her began again, with an evident effort to keep calm: "My name is Captain Woodly; I am agent at Wheal Splendour. Mrs. Pollarrack's husband worked there."

"Go on," said Aunt Betsy, leaning against the table for support; "I know what is coming."

"Poor William!" resumed the Captain; "I would not have had it happen for a hundred pounds. The men were just leaving work; his comrades had already climbed by the chair to the sollar or upper gallery, where the ladder-road commenced, when they heard a noise below; it was a run in the shaft. The planks on which they had been standing had fallen away with Pollarrack. They shouted down; but there was no response; and as the ground was constantly breaking away from the sides, they saw the necessity of getting up as quickly as they could. It was fortunate they started when they did, for before they reached the surface the run became general, and the bottom sollar and ladder were carried away."

"Whatever shall we do!" cried Aunt Betsy. "Is there any chance that William is not killed?"

"None, I'm afraid," the Captain replied. "When the run had stopped, and we thought it safe for a man to descend, we let one down in a kibble; but he could not go far. The shaft is choked for several fathoms; some timber must have lodged across the shaft, and the stuff accumulated over it. Now, the chances are a hundred to one against the poor fellow's having fallen into the adit plat, and that too without being killed; he is more likely to have fallen into the water in the shaft. I fear it will take weeks to clear the shaft and get down to him."

Just then, they heard Mrs. Pollarrack knocking with a chair against the floor in the room above.

"The poor darling," sobbed Aunt Betsy; "I must go to her. And what *can* I say to her?"

"Is anything the matter, Aunt Betsy? Who are those people down-stairs, and why isn't William come?"

"Hush, dear; don't be disappointed; William is not coming home to-night."

"Oh! *why* did he go away at this time?" said Mary, reproachfully.

"He was obliged to go where his master sent him. But come now; try and sleep a bit, there's a dear," was the reply.

Mary answered with a sigh. The thought of seeing her husband in the morning brought comfort, and she fell into a pleasant sleep.

The next morning, a great number of visitors came to the house. Aunt Betsy, however, was up early, and thoughtfully engaged a neighbor to intercept them in the garden, that the noise might not arouse unpleasant surmises in Mary's mind. Captain Woodly called again at the same time as the doctor and the clergyman. Aunt Betsy consulted with them as to what she should tell the patient. The doctor said that if the sad intelligence were conveyed to her in her present condition, the consequences might be fatal, adding: "She will know it soon enough."

The Captain informed the party that he had received orders from London that morning to stop the mine; that as it was the general opinion that William must have been killed by the fall or drowned in the shaft, he did not think the adventurers would attempt to recover the body, especially as weeks must elapse before they could get down to the adit. The only thing he could think of was to recommend the company to offer a substantial sum by way of compensation to the widow.

"I will try to keep her quiet; but it will be a hard job," said Aunt Betsy. "She will be asking all sorts of questions; and how to conceal the truth I don't know. I could not think of telling her a downright lie about it."

Aunt Betsy was right in her conjecture. It was no easy task to induce Mrs. Pollarrack to rest satisfied. Every few minutes she would restlessly inquire if William had returned yet; and she would want to know where he was sent and on what business.

"My dear," Aunt Betsy would reply, "I cannot tell you more than I have told you already. Your husband has gone on a journey; nothing is said as to when he will return."

As time wore on the difficulty of pacifying the young mother increased. The suspense and anxiety told upon her seriously. The doctor, who was unremitting in his attendance, visiting her two or three times a day, told Aunt Betsy she was in a critical state. The brain was overtaxed, and there were dangerous symptoms of fever.

The third night after the accident Aunt Betsy was keeping watch by Mary's bedside. The tallow candle was giving a dim light, its long wick not having been snuffed for some minutes; for Aunt Betsy had put on her spectacles to read a few verses, which exercise at such an unusual hour caused her to feel drowsy; and unconsciously letting the Bible sink gently in her lap, she closed her eyes. But she was not permitted to sleep long. Suddenly the invalid awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; a wild light was in her eye.

"Aunt Betsy, Aunt Betsy!" she cried, "I've been dreaming about William. But look! there he is. Don't you see him sitting in that chair? See! he is covered with blood! He is turning his head round this way. Oh, what a look! Why, he is dying. My darling, I'm coming." With a shrill cry, Mary sprang forward, and fell with her face on the coverlet.

Aunt Betsy gently lifted her back to her place without resistance on her part. The sudden outburst of energy was followed by a reaction. Mary remained in a stupor, from which she had not awakened when the doctor came next day.

Aunt Betsy told him what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively to every word, after which he looked at the young mother lying so calm and still; the color was gone from her cheeks, her breathing was so low as to be hardly perceptible; then he said, slowly: "She will awake again—probably in the evening. Be in readiness."

The sun was sinking in the golden west when Mary opened her eyes. "Aunt Betsy!" she whispered.

"Here I am, dear. You have had a long sleep."

"Where is my baby? Hold him before me, please. My William," Mary continued when the child was disposed so as she could get a full view of it, "has gone on a long journey—don't look surprised, Aunt Betsy—he has gone on a long journey, and I am going too, very soon. Take care of baby, Aunt Betsy, and call him William, please. He will never remember his father and mother; but he will see his father's form one day; and mind you tell him to lay his father in my grave. Kiss me, Aunt Betsy; I feel so tired."

Before night threw its mantle over the earth, Mary Pollarrack's spirit had fled.

No further attempt was made to recover the body of William Pollarrack. Everybody admitted it would have been of no use. The adventurers had already decided to abandon the mine; and it was the general opinion that it would not be worth while to clear the run, which could not be done except at great expense, to find a corpse. Better to devote a part of the money it would cost to the maintenance of the unfortunate miner's orphan. This was accordingly done. The sum of two hundred and fifty pounds was voted by the Company to be invested in the name of trustees for the use of the child, who remained in the care of his great-aunt Betsy. She lived to see her charge grow up to man's estate. It was her desire that he should be taught some trade, anything rather than mining; but young William's predilection in favor of his father's calling was so strong that it was useless to think of opposing him. He was allowed to follow the bent of his mind. Beginning about the slime-pits, he passed through the several initiatory stages at surface; then he was allowed to go underground, as a boy, at thirty shillings a month, and in due time he was admitted on equal terms with the men. All this while he was not neglecting the improvement of his mind; following the judicious advice of Aunt Betsy, he attended, when able, the night classes held in connection with the C—— Institute.

His steady conduct attracted the attention of an influential mine-captain under whom he worked, and who, finding the young fellow more intelligent and better educated than miners generally, promoted him from time to time, and eventually procured him a situation as under-agent at a mine in Devonshire.

William lost Aunt Betsy before receiving this good appointment; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that she felt amply repaid for the pains she had taken with him; she had seen enough to be satisfied that her trouble was not thrown away. It was not until she was near her end that she told him his mother's last words. The general circumstances of his father's fate had been early made known to him; and in common with other boys of his own age he used to experience a certain terror when passing by the shaft where his father had met his fearful doom. This feeling wore off as he grew older, yet he could not but think at times of his father, whom he had never seen, lying so many hundreds of feet down in the earth. And when Aunt Betsy related the manner of his mother's death, and the words she had uttered just before, he promised faithfully to carry out her dying wish, if ever his father's remains should be brought to light.

Some months after William's taking his post at the Devonshire mine, one of the men there died underground, which circumstance greatly affected him. The man had been working with a boy in a branch shaft when, saying that he felt unwell, he left his comrade to go to the surface. On the boy subsequently making inquiries for him, he could not learn that he had been seen at surface since he first went down to work; nor had he gone straight home, as the lad found on calling there. His wife being alarmed, hurried back to the mine with the youth, and persuaded two miners to go down and search for the missing man. They found him in a corner of a plat about half-way up from the place where he worked, sitting on a piece of timber, dead.

The excitement attendant upon this incident kept William, or Captain William, as we must now call him, awake for a long time after he retired for the night. Scenes of peril in which he had been placed himself, stories of accidents that he had heard, rushed upon his mind, and when he did at last fall asleep, they mixed themselves in wild confusion in his dreams. Toward morning his mind became more settled and less extravagant; and in the last dream of all, he was in a level gazing at a man sitting on a piece of rock, leaning forward, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. The man had no hat on, and his hair was thick with clotted blood. As the dreamer stood and looked, not with astonishment or fear, but as it were spellbound, he heard Aunt Betsy's voice saying in his ear: "Remember your mother's last words." He went forward and touched the man on the shoulder; when the whole scene immediately faded away, and he awoke.

William was not accustomed to attach much importance to dreams, and seeing sufficient in what had occurred the previous day to account for the troubled state of his brain in the night, he soon dismissed the subject of his dreams from his thoughts. An advertisement in the local paper, however, which met his eye in the course of the morning, brought it all up again. The advertisement ran thus: "Wanted, a resident agent for Wheal Splendour. Apply to Captain Benny, C——."

A rise in tin had again taken place; enterprising mining men were again looking out for suitable ventures to recommend to their clients; and once more Wheal Splendour, after being neglected for twenty-five years found advocates who could speak confidently of its chances of success with tin at sixty pounds a ton. And some gentlemen being willing, and that not unreasonably, to believe this, a company was formed as before to give the mine a trial. Hence the advertisement which William saw, and resolved to answer.

In applying for the situation, he mentioned, as a circumstance that would stimulate him to use every exertion in superintending clearing the shaft, that he trusted to find some relic of his father, who had been lost there twenty-five years ago. His application was granted; and William soon found himself established as agent at Wheal Splendour.

In due time the adit was reached. They had found nothing so far among the debris in the shaft; and the young Captain concluded that when his father fell down, he must have dropped straight into the water in the shaft, and have been borne down by the falling mass. After a careful examination of the plat, he turned aside into the adit level; but he had not gone far before he saw something which made him stop short and tremble from head to foot. It was his dream come back to him! There, a few feet off, was an object that one might at first have taken for a human being, in exactly the same posture as the man he had seen in his dream.

"Look!" he exclaimed to the men behind. "Isn't that the figure of a man? It is my dead father!" And beckoning them to follow gently, he approached the figure. It was like clay in appearance, smooth all over. Resting on a stone and leaning forward, the general outline of the head and trunk was preserved, and the two legs reaching to the ground were quite distinct.

A solemn pause ensued. The men looked at each other, but knew not what to say. At last William stretched out his hand and touched the figure: it immediately collapsed and fell, a little pile of dust, at his feet.

And William laid his father's dust in his mother's grave.—*Chambers' Journal*

"Measuring the Baby."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door-casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair, and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

> We measured the riotous baby
> Against the cottage wall,
> A lily grew on the threshold,
> And the boy was just as tall.

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the others; here they are:

> His eyes were wide as blue bells,
> (That's little Jim exactly!)
> His mouth like a flower unblown;
> (That's him again),
> Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
> Peeped out from his snowy gown.
>
> And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
> That yet had a touch of pain,
> When June rolls round with her roses
> We'll measure the boy again.

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, there'd be another mark on the door-casing "*so* much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way! You see there's no mark there, and it wasn't superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jenny had kept without knowing why, to the Bible.

> We measured the sleeping baby,
> With ribbons white as snow,
> For the shining rosewood casket
> That waited him below.
>
> And out of the darkened chamber
> We went with a childless moan—
> To the light of the sinless angels
> Our little one had grown.

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Four poor Philadelphia housewives joined in the purchase of a whole barrel of flour, and found it considerably cheaper than their previous practice of buying a few pounds at a time. They extended the plan to other supplies, and then to additional members. Next they hired a room and a woman to superintend the purchases and distribution. Fifty families now get all their groceries through this association at the lowest wholesale prices.

CONKLING AND PLATT.

Their Letter of Resignation as United States Senators, in Which They Give Their Reasons for Resigning and Their Version of the Differences Between Them and the Administration at Washington.

AN Albany (N. Y.) telegram of the 16th gives the joint letter of resignation sent to Governor Cornell by United States Senators Conkling and Platt, and which we publish in full as a matter of general public interest, giving, as it does, "their side of the story":

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 14, 1881.

SIR: Transmitting as we do our resignations, respectively, of the great trusts with which New York has honored us, it is fit that we acquaint you, and through you the Legislature and people of the State, of the reasons which, in our judgments, make such a step respectful and necessary. Some weeks ago the President sent to the Senate in a group the nominations of several persons for public offices already filled. One of these offices is the Collectorship of the Port of New York, now held by General Merritt. Another is the Consul Generalship at London, now held by General Badeau. Another is Charge d'Affaires to Denmark, held by Mr. Cramer. Another is the Mission to Switzerland, held by Mr. Fish, a son of the former distinguished Secretary of State. Mr. Fish has, in deference to an ancient practice, placed his position at the disposal of the new Administration, but, like the other persons named, he was ready to remain at his post, if permitted to do so. All these officials (save only Mr. Cramer) are citizens of New York. It was proposed to displace them all, not for any alleged faults, or for any alleged need or advantage of the public service, but in order to give the great office of Collector of the Port of New York to Mr. William H. Robertson, as a "reward" for certain acts of his, said to have aided in making the nomination of General Garfield possible.

The chain of removals thus proposed was broken by General Badeau promptly declining to accept the new place to which he was to be sent. These nominations summoned every member of the Senate to say whether he "advised" such a transaction. The movement was more than a surprise. We had been told only a few hours before that no removals in New York offices were soon to be made or even considered, and had been requested to withhold the papers and suggestions bearing on the subject which had been sent to us for presentation should occasion arise until we had notice from the President of his readiness to receive them.

Learning that the Vice-President was equally surprised, and had been equally misled, we went to Mr. James, the Cabinet officer from our State, and learned that, though he had spent some time with the President on the morning of the day the nominations were sent in, no disclosure of an intention to send them had been made to him, and that he first knew of the matter by hearsay following the event. After earnest reflection and consultation we believed the proceeding unwise and wrong, whether considered wholly in relation to the preservation and integrity of the public service and the public example to be set, or in relation also to the integrity of the Republican party. No public utterance of comment or censure was made by either of us in the Senate or elsewhere. On the contrary, we thought that the President would reconsider an action so sudden and hasty, and would at least adopt less hurtful and objectionable modes of requiting personal or individual service. In this hope the following paper was presented by Mr. James to the President, who was subsequently informed that you had authorized your name to be added also:

"*To the President:* We beg leave to remonstrate against a change in the Collectorship at New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when the several nominations involved in a plan were announced in the Senate. We had only two days before this been informed from you that a change in the Customs Office at New York was not contemplated, and, quite ignorant of your purpose to take any action, we had no opportunity until after the nominations to make the suggestions we now present. We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present Collector and putting Mr. Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims or obligations which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly and respectfully ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

(Signed) "CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
THOMAS L. JAMES,
T. C. PLATT,
ROSCOE CONKLING."

This paper was presented to the President by Mr. James on Monday, the 28th day of March. Knowing the frequency with which every one of the twenty Presidents of the Republic, and markedly the present incumbent, had withdrawn their nominations on less serious representations, we did not apprehend that such a suggestion would be treated as an intrusion or an invasion of any prerogative of the nominating power. We were disappointed. Immediately the public press (especially in articles and dispatches written by those in close and constant association with the President and with an influential member of his Cabinet) teemed with violent denunciations of the Senators from New York for "opposing the Administration" and "dictating" to the President. Persons who visited the Executive Mansion reported the President as resentful and impatient of the hesitation of the Senate to "advise and consent" to what he proposed. We have made no assault upon anybody. We have at all times refused to answer questions by representatives of the press, or to make complaint, or comment, or even denial of the many truthless charges published against us by officious champions of the Administration. Indeed, beyond confidential consultations with brother Senators and officials, we have said nothing until now upon the subject, nor have we or either of us promoted a dead-lock in the Senate in order to prevent or influence action upon any nomination. Nor have we ever so stated. Immediately after the nominations were published letters and telegrams in great numbers came from every part of the State from its leading citizens protesting against the proposed changes, and condemning them on many grounds.

Several thousands of the leading mercantile firms of New York, constituting, we are informed, a majority of every branch of trade, sent us remonstrances. Sixty of eighty-one Republican members of the Assembly, by letter or memorial, made objection. Representatives in Congress, State officials, business men, professional men, commercial, industrial and political organizations are among the remonstrants, and they speak from every section of the State. Besides the nominations already referred to there were awaiting the action of the Senate several citizens of New York, named for offices connected with courts, District Attorneys, and Marshals. These were all reappointments. Most of them had been originally commissioned by Mr. Hayes. They were certified by Judges of Courts, and many other eminent persons, who attested the faithfulness and merit of their services and recommended their continuance. They were not presented by us.

We have not attempted to "dictate," nor have we asked the nomination of one person to any office in the State. Indeed, with the sole exception of the written request set forth above, we have never even expressed an opinion to the President in any case unless questioned in regard to it. Some days ago the President abruptly withdrew, in one and the same act, the names of General Woodford and Mr. Tenney, and of the two Marshals. This unprecedented proceeding, whether permissible by law or not, was gravely significant. The President had nominated these officers after they had been weighed in the balance. Their official records were before him, and had been fully scrutinized and approved. It must be presumed he thought the nominations fit to be made, and that it was his duty to make them. There is no allegation that he discovered unfitness in them afterward. It could hardly be that he had discovered unfitness in all alike. What, then, was the meaning of the peremptory step? It was immediately stated, as it by authority, and seems to be admitted, that the purpose was to force Senators to vote as they would not vote if left free from Executive interference. The design was to control the action of Senators touching matters committed by the Constitution to the Senate, and to the Senate exclusively. It has been suggested, in addition, that by recalling these nominations, and holding them in his own hands, the President might, in the event of failure of another nomination, use them to compensate that failure. If it can be supposed that all these public trusts are to be, or would in any event be, made personal perquisites, to be handled and disposed of not only to punish independence of Senatorial votes and action, but to liquidate the personal obligations of any individual, however high in station, the conditions are utterly vicious and degrading, and their acceptance would compel the representatives of States to fling down their oath and representative's duty at the footstool of Executive power.

Following this sweeping and startling Executive act came ominous avowals that a dissent or failure to "advise and consent" would be held an act of offense, exposing all Senators, from whatever State, to Executive displeasure. Thus we find ourselves confronted by the question, whether we shall surrender the plain right and sworn duty of Senators by consenting to what we believe to be vicious and hurtful, or be assigned positions of disloyalty to the Administration which we helped to bring in, and the success of which we earnestly wish, for every reason and motive which can enter into the case. We know of no theory avowed by any party which requires such submission as is now exacted. Although party service may be fairly considered in making a selection of public officers, it can hardly be maintained that the Senate is bound to remove without cause incumbents merely to make places for those whom any individual, even a President or member of his Cabinet, wishes to repay for being recreant to others or serviceable to himself. Only about two years ago the Senate advised that General Merritt be appointed Collector at New York. It is understood that among the Senators who so advised was Mr. Windom, now Secretary of the Treasury and head of the Department whose subordinate General Merritt is. Another known to have given the advice was Mr. Kirkwood, now Secretary of the Interior. It is said that, like the Postmaster-General from our State, these Cabinet officers were not taken into consultation touching the removal of General Merritt. But their sworn and official action of Senators is none the less instructive. That the late Secretary of the Treasury and the late Administration up to its expiration (less than ten weeks ago) approved of General Merritt as an officer, is well known, and it is not even suggested that any citizen had petitioned for his removal, or that official delinquency on his part is the reason for it. In place of an experienced officer in the midst of his term fixed by law, it is proposed suddenly to put a man in who has had no training for the position and who cannot be said to have any special fitness for its official duties.

In the inaugural of President Garfield, delivered on the 4th of last March, stand these words:

"The Civil Service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power, against the waste of time and the obstruction of public business caused by an inordinate pressure for place and for protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall at the proper time ask Congress to fix the tenure of minor offices of the several Executive Departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during the term for which the incumbents have been appointed."

How good the distinction is which would make major offices a prey to intrigue and wrong, and shield minor offices from like havoc, and whether the collectorships of the country should belong to the exposed or to the protected class, need not be decided here. Assuming General Merritt to be an officer of average fitness and honesty, it might be reasonably argued that all Senators should, with alacrity, advise his displacement by a man of obvious superiority. Possibly it might be said, that all should advise the selection in General Merritt's place of a man who, without superior fitness, had rendered his country or even his party conspicuous and exalted service. The case in hand does not belong to either of these classes. The vocation of Mr. Robertson, and his legislative and professional experience and surroundings, do not denote superiority in the qualities, the knowledge, business habits and familiarity with the revenue laws and system of the United States which might make him more competent than General Merritt to collect the vast revenues and administer the vast business pertaining to the Port of New York. Certainly he cannot in this respect be held an exception to the rules of right and consistency on which the Constitution and laws have placed the public service. We know of no personal or political service rendered by Mr. Robertson so transcendent that the Collectorship of New York should be taken in the midst of a term and given to him as a recompense.

Mr. Robertson is reported by the New York *Tribune* to have declared that his nomination was a reward for his action as a delegate to the National Convention. If Robertson in his action was influenced by a sense of duty, if he voted and acted his honest convictions, it is difficult to see what claim he has for any reward, not to speak of such great reward. The action of which an estimate is thus invited is understood to be this: Robertson and sixty-nine other men accepted from the State Convention certain trusts. They sought and accepted the position of agents or delegates to a National Convention. The State Convention declared plainly the stated judgment and policy to be observed and supported by those commissioned. To this declaration all selected as delegates gave an implied consent, but several of them, in addition, made most specific personal pledges and engagements to exert themselves in good faith throughout to secure the nomination of General Grant. They made this pledge as the means of obtaining their own appointments as delegates, and they did, as we both personally know, obtain their seats in the National Convention upon the faith of their personal statements of their earnestness and fidelity. The obligation thus assumed we understood to involve the integrity as much as the obligation of one who receives the proxy of a stockholder in a corporation upon the pledge and promise to vote as his principal would vote. Whether Mr. Robertson was or was not himself bound not only under honor and implication, but by expressly giving his word, becomes quite immaterial in view of the claim made for him. It is insisted that he "organized the bolt," or, as it has been sometimes stated, "he was the leader of the bolt." This is to say that he invited, persuaded, induced others whom he knew had given their word, and had obtained their seats by doing so, to violate their word and betray, not only the Republicans assembled in State Convention, but the Republicans of their districts as well, who had trusted in their honor. Whoever counsels and procures another to do a dishonest or dishonorable act must share with that other the guilt, and should share also the odium justly attached to it.

We are, therefore, wholly unable, upon whatever ground we put it, to see a justification for ourselves should we become parties to using the public trusts which belong to the people, to requite such service in such modes. But the appliances employed to effect the results set up new standards of responsibility and invade, as we believe, the truths and principles on which the separate and co-ordinate branches of the Government stand. A Senator has his own responsibility. He is amenable to his State, and to the body of which he is a member. He is bound by his oath to "advise and consent" on his conscience and judgment before God. Whatever or whoever else may constrain him, he is to be exempt from Executive menace or disfavor on the one hand, and Executive inducement on the other. Long standing on the orders of the House of Commons has been a declaration that a member shall suffer expulsion who even reports the wishes of the Executive head of the Government to influence the votes of members. The British Constitution is not more jealous than ours in this regard. To give advice, and honest, independent advice, as to an appointment proposed is as much the right and duty of a Senator as it is the right and duty of the President to propose the name. He his advice one way or the other, it is no more an act of disrespect or treason to the nominating power than the verdict of a juror or the decision of a Judge. The idea that the Senate is simply to find out what is wanted and then do it we cannot believe safe or admissible, and thus far no party has dared or descended to set up such a test of party fidelity or allegiance. In this instance prominence has been given to the subject, and such distrust has been expressed of the correctness of our positions that we think it right and dutiful to submit the matter to the power to which alone we are bound and ever ready to bow. The Legislature is in session. It is Republican in majority, and New York abounds in sons quite as able as we to bear her message and commission in the Senate of the United States. With a profound sense of the obligations we owe, with devotion to the Republican party and its creed of liberty and right, with reverent attachment to the great State whose interests and honor are dear to us, we hold it respectful and becoming to make room for those who may correct all errors we have made, and interpret aright all duties we have misconceived. We, therefore, inclose our resignation, but hold fast the privilege as citizens and Republicans to stand for the constitutional rights of all men and of all representatives, whether of the States, the Nation, or the people.

We have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servants, ROSCOE CONKLING,
THOMAS C. PLATT,

To His Excellency, Governor Cornell.